the beauty, of the savagery and the kindliness, of Nature. They haunt one. They are far more " photographic/' it is true, far more gentle, far more simple than the pictures of the French artist. But they illustrate unf athomed depths, strange sorrows, and long years. They, too, are a record of a race that has all but passed away. Of those whom Calderon drew I personally could only find one now alive. The nineteen years that have elapsed have been ' black oxen/ ploughing deep.

The Papeete that he knew was still remote from motor-cars and regular mails, but the shadow lay already upon it. He penetratingly describes its still curious mixture of ugly cheap building and natural loveliness. He can still see in its people the traces of a dream. After a " native " party he writes:

" There was a picturesqueness in the enter-tainment—Bottom and the Fairies, the Greek God and the Roman Emperor. But how

little they were seconded by their surroundings. Were these all accidents of the surface ? No, the fatal question murmured by Tupuna—'A la Canaque?
Oui, & la Canaque '—-had given it away. It was then only the 'question of changing the stop in the